

Eliza: Wickvoo
1796

CAERNARVON CASTLE;
OR,
THE BIRTH
OF
THE PRINCE OF WALES:
AN OPERA,
IN TWO ACTS.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET,
AUGUST 12th, 1793.

He is but half a subject,
Who in the zeal and duty for his monarch,
Feels not his breast glow for his PRINCE's welfare.

COLMAN, Jun.

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

L O N D O N:
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161.d.59



TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
GEORGE,
PRINCE OF WALES,
THIS OPERA,

WRITTEN UNDER THE STRONGEST INFLUENCE OF

ZEAL AND DUTY,

IS,

BY HIS GRACIOUS PERMISSION,

MOST HUMBLY DEDICATED.

THE ROYAL HIGHNESS

GEORGE

PRINCE OF WALES

THIS

WEDNESDAY

REAL AND TRUE



BY HIS COMMAND

THE SECRETARY

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

EDWARD I.	MR. BARRYMORE.
EDMUND DE MORTIMER,	MR. DAVIES.
ADAM DE FRANCTON,	MR. BANNISTER, JUN.
PHILLIP LE BRUN,	MR. SUETT.
WALTER,	MR. BENSON.
MERLIN,	MR. BANNISTER.

W O M E N.

ISABEL,	MRS. KEMBLE.
RESA,	MRS. BLAND,
JANE.	MISS DE CAMP.

Soldiers, Minstrels, Attendants, &c. &c.

THE STATE OF NEW YORK

IN SENATE

JANUARY 1, 1891

REPORT

OF THE

COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE

IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION

PASSED BY THE SENATE

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1891

RECEIVED

CAERNARVON CASTLE.

OR THE BIRTH OF

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A ROOM IN THE CASTLE.

Enter JANE and EDMUND de MORTIMER.

JANE.

YOU will not leave me, Edmund; these horrid preparations alarm me; indeed you must not go.

EDMUND.

Not go! when glory calls me, when my King's in arms!

JANE.

Oh you men! "When glory calls me!" Ah me! Love may pine away like a neglected wife, when their mistress, glory, calls.—Well, go, do; why don't you go? Is the man spell-struck?

B

EDMUND.

CAERNARVON CASTLE.

EDMUND.

I know not how to leave you—my heart is here.

JANE.

Dear me, a hero, and without a heart? Well, when you have beaten Llewellyn, and that hardy brother of his, (for I cannot bear to think you otherwise than a conqueror) and Edward entwines the laurel round the hero's brow, he'll call his cousin Jane, and say, "Here, here's my brave friend, Edmund de Mortimer!" Then he'll turn to me, "Receive him, Jane, as becomes the wife of Philip le Brun.

EDMUND.

Le Brun!

JANE.

When letters came last night from the camp, the Queen delivered one to me, which, my Mortimer, was a positive command to prepare for —.

EDMUND.

Le Brun! that noisy coward, who won the King's favor by a story of his own valour, as improbable as—I'll seek the King. I'll find this mighty —.

JANE.

Oh! to be sure, that's as it should be. Rage—fight—Does Edward easily forego a promise? Is our Royal Master's word to be bought off by fume and fury? If it were so, these Welchmen wou'd have roar'd and won, for they seem mighty bluffers. No, no, trust to me; let us work cautiously; the silent stream is still the deepest.

EDMUND.

My good counsellor, my lovely Jane.

JANE.

I have it all here.

[*Rubbing her forehead.*

EDMUND.



CAERNARVON CASTLE.

EDMUND.

What do you propose? I can plot, contrive —.

JANE.

No, no, you have nothing here yet; all in good time.

[*Rubbing his forehead.*]

EDMUND.

Oh! my sweet trifier, trust me with —.

JANE.

What, trust a man! No, no. Go to the camp, the soldiers wait for you. Lead them on to victory. Who knows how Edward may be won? He loves a soldier; but, when your proud ardor wou'd brave a rash unnecessary enterprise, then only think on her you leave behind you.

EDMUND.

I cannot leave you.

JANE.

Indeed you must; nay, nay, go my love; the trumpet calls you.

[*Trumpet at a distance.*]

EDMUND.

It does, it does. Farewell.

JANE.

Was it indeed the trumpet, Mortimer?

EDMUND.

I'll think it was not, for I could stay here for ever.

JANE.

Oh! yes, it was. Be gone. Nay, I anticipate your wishes. No power on earth shall force me to receive this husband in your absence.

4 CAERNARVON CASTLE.

EDMUND.

Thou dearest, best —.

JANE.

Nay, we must part. Farewell. You'll conjure up some charm in the camp to dispel affection, I warrant me. Is there none think you that can make you cease to love me?

AIR.—EDMUND.

1.

ASKS, dearest Jane, what potent spell
Can calm the breast where love wou'd dwell?
Bid her divest her elegant mind
Of taste all perfect, sense refin'd;
Of fancy which, in many a feat,
Decks what already seem'd complete;
Oh! bid her do all this, and prove
If yet her swain can cease to love.

2.

Not while her melody of song
Wafts light the dulcet notes along;
Not while her lip with softer skill
Breathes out superior music still;
Not while her eye to my fond heart
Can speech more eloquent impart;
Oh! cease to speak, to look, to move,
And then your swain may cease to love. [*Exit Edmund.*]

JANE.

Part! no, we must not part neither. You'll soon find me by your side, Edmund. There's no such terror in war; the fife, the drum, the noise, the bustle, and, considering what inducements men have to leave their homes, I don't wonder to find so many soldiers.

AIR.

CAERNARVON CASTLE.

5

A I R.

1.

If *single*, and up to the ears
In love and fancy'd fears,
A poor fellow leads a devil of a life;
When Miss is in her pouts,
Full of flirts, and flings, and flouts —
To check the rising sigh,
And raise his spirits high,
Let him follow the shrill-ton'd fife.

2.

If *married*, alas! poor man,
He's wrong do what he can,
And is dunn'd by the noise and the spleen of a wife;
How shrill is the scold and the squall,
The whimper, the shriek, and the bawl! —
To check the rising sigh,
And raise his spirits high,
Let him follow the shrill-ton'd fife.

SCENE II.

ANOTHER GOTHIC ROOM.

Enter ISABEL, meeting JANE.

JANE.

How is the Queen?

ISABEL.

I left her but this moment, well in health and heart.

JANE.

That's well indeed.

ISABEL.

ISABEL.

And perfectly resign'd, waiting the happy moment.

JANE.

That's better still ; but, Isabel, is your husband, Adam de Francton, return'd ? You have a treasure in him.

ISABEL.

He's rough, but honest, Lady. I don't expect his coming till to-morrow, it is scarcely possible.

JANE.

Didn't you tell me, Isabel, that Philip le Brun had — don't blush, my sweet one—had made love to you ?

ISABEL.

If swearing be a test of truth, and bluster a sign of valour, in love and courage, he is a very Alexander. Scarce an instant ago he wou'd have downright kissed me, if I had not violently resisted.

JANE.

That was right, my dear : The bud of nuptial modesty is blighted by the first rude breath of a lover, and yet—and yet—I want you to relax only a little, that is, in appearance, and contrive a meeting with him.

ISABEL.

Well —.

JANE.

In this very castle of Caernarvon.

ISABEL.

Well —

JANE.

And in you chamber ! —

ISABEL.

In my chamber !!!

JANE.

JANE.

Bless me, thou dear, little, apprehensive, sensitive plant—but come, you will oblige me—I see you will. Your chamber is so situated that he cannot make his escape from it without great hazard, which, let me tell you, he's not likely to run—so, when he's well there, do you appear on the outside of the door, all bustle and noise, as if your husband was coming.—Play him any mischievous trick, that woman's fancy, and the caprice of the moment, shall dictate, for I know him to be a coward—only fright him well, and don't release till you have thoroughly punished him.

ISABEL.

I do so like the scheme.—He's a coward I'm sure; for when he came back alone from that mighty engagement he talked of, his sword and his helmet were both hack'd it is true, but there was neither blood nor bruises.

JANE.

Well done observation. You will oblige me then? — Fetch in the pens and paper for the affignation. I'll dictate.

[Exit Isabel.

This will serve two purposes; expose him, and keep her out of the way while I equip myself like a boy, and—down, down heart—to the camp, to my Edmund. Well, well, now then.

Enter ISABEL, with Paper, Pens, &c.

DUETT.

ISABEL and JANE.

ISABEL.

I'm ready.

JANE (*dictating*.)

“Dear Sir,

“I blush to confess, that I guess your design, and that
“my tender heart's trepann'd. You know, Sir, the
“gallery; this evening remember at nine.”

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ISABEL.

CAERNARVON CASTLE.

ISABEL.

What did you say?

JANE.

"——Remember mine."

So for the rest he'll understand.

ISABEL.

Yes, all the rest he'll understand.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Before the Castle.*

Enter ADAM DE FRANCTON and WALTER.

ADAM.

War! Don't talk of war to me.—I tell you it can't be justified. Nature never intended us to cut one another's throats.

WALTER.

What, Adam! would you have your king insulted? your country defied!

ADAM.

I'd die first. I'm an Englishman, Walter.

WALTER.

And such a king, too——

ADAM.

Aye, a king of kings; for in this land of equal liberty every man's dwelling is his palace, and his heart a throne inviolable and sacred—Insult my king, defy my country! I tell you they dare not.

WALTER.

CAERNARVON CASTLE.

WALTER.

Nay, these sturdy Welshmen threaten invasion, too, and talk of bearding us in London.

ADAM.

What, with toasting forks? There's plenty of cheese-fac'd fellows there to employ them. I'll——Walter——Where's——I never thought to fight again;—but——Walter——I'm for the camp to-morrow.

WALTER.

Not to fight, sure!

ADAM.

What do you take me for?

WALTER.

Nature, you know, never intended men to cut one another's throats.

ADAM.

Why, look'ee, Walter, I have been poring over some maxims of philosophy lately, for want of something better to do; but I find, when loyalty and patriotism blaze in an honest heart, all the rays of philosophy go out, like a link in the sunshine.

WALTER.

We'll go together, Adam.

ADAM.

Not to-night, though. Isabel——ha——you understand me.

WALTER.

What, your wife expects you, eh!

C

ADAM.

ADAM.

No, she does not expect me;—but—you understand me.

WALTER.

Ah, Adam, did philosophy teach you nothing, then?

ADAM.

Yes, yes; but there's a something in my heart that tells me, whenever it interferes with love or loyalty, it becomes apathy or ingratitude. Hark'ee, say nothing to her about the camp.

WALTER.

Why, you——

ADAM.

I know what you're going to say. I can bounce, and fly, and riot—I know it—There is a pleasure in seeing her pout a little. And then the making it up is —You must be married, Walter, to find it out. But I cannot bear to affect her seriously.

WALTER.

Well, well, never fear me.

ADAM.

And, Walter, if—for a lance has levelled many a better man—I should not return, why——

WALTER.

Leave your philosophy for her, that's all.

ADAM.

There is some consolation, too, that Isabel will lament me; and I've somewhere read, that, "The most precious tears are those with which heav'n bedews the unburied head of a foldier." Nothing now can shake my purpose. We'll go with the first dawn.

AIR.

AIR.—ADAM.

When call'd by our country and king to protect 'em,
 No fears can withhold us, no terrors annoy,
 Though dangers surround us, why, sure we expect 'em,
 And the heart beats the rub-a-dub feelings of joy.

Shou'd we think upon those we love dearly, Heav'n bless
 'em!

A sigh will our over-charg'd bosoms employ,
 But the hope that we soon shall return to carefs 'em,
 Soon beats up the rub-a-dub feelings of joy.

And if a poor comrade shall fall down beside us,
 To soldier-like raptures this gives some alloy;
 Then the thought that our actions to fame have ally'd us,
 Will beat up the rub-a-dub feelings of joy.

When call'd by our country, &c. [*repeated.*] *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A long Gallery in the Castle, with a Door at the extreme End.*

Enter RESA with a Candle.

RESA.

Woundickens, what 'ull become on 'un? Here be's I
 sett to wait for a mon, in a pleace, for ought I knows,
 hoong a'round wi' spirits. (*Sings.*) Ha! what's that!
 Oh, nothing, by'r lady—I canno' stir a step; and yet I
 mun. (*Sings.*) Oh lud, I does woonder what 'duces her
 majesty's moost gracious queenship to come to this unkid
 castle to be here in the straw. [*Sings.*]

Enter PHILLIP LE BRUN.

(*Falling on her knees.*) Eh! mercy, 'en you be'n a mon
 or spirit.

C 2 PHILLIP.

PHILLIP.

Both, child; a man of spirit; there must be a majesty in my frown; my very look petrifies her. What a vast pleasure there is in looking terror into those beneath us, when there's no danger in it.

RESA.

An you be a spirit, I pray you wonno hurt a poor maiden, who never hurt a harmless floy, who—who——

PHILLIP.

Fear nothing when I'm by. I am a man, child.

RESA.

A man-child? Is that all? Then I defy you. (*rising.*) Mayhap you be's Maister Phillip le Brun.

PHILLIP.

Known like the royal coin; my name and value is stamp't upon me.—You're right, child.

RESA.

Lork a' me, then look 'en, my Miftrefs Ifabel toold me as how, you mun' go into that chamber yonder, and steal to bed; you mun understand 'un.

PHILLIP.

Well, child.

RESA.

And for fear the loight mun be seen in the garden, you mun goa, lud a mercy, without one; and she will coom and lock your door, when she con leave the Queen's moost gracious Majesty, who is vast bad.

PHILLIP.

Lock my door. Hem! hah! so, child, you don't know—ha—well—no matter.

CAERNARVON CASTLE.

RESA.

Oh deer, Sir, dunna mag so loud; you'll wake the spirits; good dear Sir, it's well you ben't afeard on 'um.

PHILLIP.

Don't shake so. What are there spirits walk here?

RESA.

A woundy noomber, they say, o' spirits, and appositions, and ottomies.—Why, you seem to shake now!

PHILLIP.

That's—that's—that's—only apprehensions for your mistress; that's—that's all. Hadn't we better both stay here till she comes, to—to—to protect her?

RESA.

Oh, she dunna moind 'em; why, they do say, that she can raise a spirit, aye, and lay one, too, with any body. Befoide, I mon go to tell her you be coom'd.—That's the door.

PHILLIP.

I will venture.

[Draws his sword; she screams, and he drops it.]
What did you see? Hah!

RESA.

You dunna mean to moorder me. I be's only a poor innocent—

PHILLIP.

What signifies what you afe.—I'll protect you.

RESA.

Thank you, koind Sir.

PHILLIP.

CAERNARVON CASTLE.

PHILLIP.

But which is the door?

RESA.

There.

PHILLIP.

There! where? Come forwarder, and shew it me.

RESA.

I conno, indeed, I conno.

PHILLIP.

But you won't leave the gallery till I shut the door.

RESA.

Noa, noa—I ben't so ill bred.

*[They separate about the middle of the stage,
she humming, he hesitating, and then—]*

DUET.—RESA AND PHILLIP.

RESA.

Ah, me!—what's here?

I shake—with fear.

Oh lud!—oh dear!

PHILLIP.

Sure there's nothing to alarm one.

RESA.

Dunna let the goblins harm 'un.

PHILLIP.

The candle burns a little blueish—

RESA.

RESA.

An you leave 'un, 'twou'd be Jewish.

Ah, me!—what's here?

I shake—with fear.

Oh lud!—oh dear!

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE V.—*The Camp.*

Enter EDWARD and his Train, EDMUND, &c.

EDWARD.

Mortimer, we waited your counsel and your arm. The sturdy Welsh, like beasts of prey, waited till hunger made them valiant, and then rushed from their lurking dens upon our troops—of the advanced guard, Lord William Latimer alone escaped—it required ourself and our whole line to drive them home again.—These hills of Snowdon seem to harbour their protecting angels.

EDMUND.

Famine will drive them out again an easy conquest.

EDWARD.

No, Mortimer; nature has made them bold—their hardihood is steeled by their rough mountain sports—their valour nerved by noisy minstrels—their spirit still unbroken—for Merlin and his forcerers bid them hope Llewellyn's brow, encircled by a crown, shall low'r upon our walls of London.

EDMUND.

And so it shall, my Liege—on a spear's point. I'll be the truest soothsayer.

EDWARD.

CAERNARVON CASTLE.

EDWARD.

We'll put you to the proof; for, as we learn, Llewellyn, flush'd with his late advantage, has already passed the Wye, and leaves his rebel-brother here at Snowdon. Go you and Gifford; give him such a meeting as shall deserve our thanks.

EDMUND.

I long to have him hand to hand.

EDWARD.

If you succeed, command our power, and tax it to the height.

EDMUND.

That promise is the warrant for his death.

EDWARD.

You shall away to-morrow, ere the red streaks of day first tinge the east. This night we give to mirth and minstrelsy. [Exit.]

SCENE VI.—*The Long Gallery.*

Enter ISABELLA.

ISABELLA.

By this he is secure in bed.—Oh, Mister Blusterer, you shall kiss other men's wives, I warrant me. (*Drawing near the door in a loud voice.*) I say there is a man in the chamber; let me come by; I'll carbonade him. (*In her own voice, as if to her husband.*) Nay, my sweet one, there is nobody here, indeed. (*In a whisper.*) Get under the bed, into the closet, any where. (*In a loud voice.*) Who are you speaking to? Give me my rapier. (*In her own voice.*) Oh dear, you will not kill him, sure. (*In a whisper.*)

whisper.) Pray conceal yourself. (*In a loud voice.*) Then there is a him! aye, every inch of him. Give me my rapier. [*Knocking violently, as if breaking the door.*]

Enter RESA with a Candle.

RESA.

Oh dear!—oh lud, Ma'am!

ISABEL.

What's the matter?—Speak!—Can't you speak?

RESA.

Oh! I shall never speak no more, Ma'am; for it's either my maister or his ghost is a cooming up stairs.

ISABEL.

What can I do? If I let him out, he'll certainly meet him. I'd tell him---but there's no knowing how he'll take it.

Enter ADAM.

ADAM.

Come, Bell, kiss me, Girl---glad to see me? What's the matter?--- You tremble. Come, come, no airs.--What do you shake at?

ISABEL.

You come so unexpectedly, that---

ADAM.

And unwelcomely---hah---

RESA.

Oh dear!—oh me!

D

ADAM.

ADAM.

What's the matter with you?

RESA.

Oh dear---he isn't in the chamber, indeed he isn't, Dunna look for him; he is not there.

ADAM.

What in the chamber? Speak.

ISABEL.

She! she!

ADAM.

She! she! What?

ISABEL.

Why, she!—you——

ADAM.

Speak.

ISABEL.

She has so frightened me, dear, about a ghost in our room, that I was scarce myself when you came in; and the foolish wench isn't recovered since.

RESA.

Indeed, it's noothing but a ghost: dunna look for it.

ISABEL.

Go to bed, wench, and sleep yourself into your senses, or——Stay, you may lay a table below; for, perhaps, Adam, you'd like some refreshment.

ADAM.

No; I'm weary, and would go to bed.

ISABEL.

ISABEL.

Nay, but you must have something.

RESA.

Now doe—doe—doe—pray.

ADAM. (*Stamps.*)

Go.

RESA.

Oh lud!—what is the matter?

[Drops on her knees, and shakes so violently, that the candle goes out.]

ISABEL.

We must go down now, love.

ADAM.

No, no; to bed. Go, Resa, fetch a light.

RESA.

Indeed, I conno fetch a loight.

ISABEL.

If she will not go down, it is a lucky circumstance.
(*Aside.*) Nay, we don't want a light, love.
There is some hope he will not discover him. (*Aside.*)

ADAM.

Well, well.

RESA.

I does wish I was well out un the gallery; you wunna
meet with spirits, I hoape.

ADAM.

Vanish.

D 2

RESA.

RESA.

I'm goane. Oh, Ma'am, what a pretty pickle you
be'n in. [Exit.

SCENE VII.—*A Regal Tent decorated—Banquet, &c.*EDWARD, EDMUND, *Train, Minstrels, &c.*

EDWARD.

Come, here's OUR QUEEN; and sure, we trust, there's
not a subject of our realms so ignorant of her value, *as*
mother, wife, and royal mistress, but he'll pledge us to the
brim. [Flourish.
One largess more, *to that SUPREMACY* which time shall
every hour increase and strengthen,

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF ENGLAND.

Now strike up minstrels.

[Flourish.

F I N A L E.

Nor foreign wiles, nor factious zeal,
When most the madd'ning pow'r they feel,
And hurl aloft, with furious hand,
The reeking blade and flaming brand,
Can crush imperial England's sway;
For, from the throne, like solar rays,
When freedom, love, and justice blaze,
And anarchy lies clogg'd with chains;
Not with more pride the monarch reigns,
Than grateful subjects feel t' obey.

END OF ACT I.

A C T II.

SCENE I.—THE GALLERY IN THE CASTLE.

Enter WALTER with a Dark Lanthorn.

ADAM enters from the Chamber, as if dressing, his Waistcoat half unbuttoned, and with LE BRUN's Doublet on.

ADAM.

Hift ! hift ! Walter.

WALTER.

Here—I came full early.

ADAM.

In the best time. I've left Isabel asleep. Poor soul, she little dreams to what danger her Adam is going to be exposed. Pshaw—my country demands it.

WALTER.

William is already at the Postern Gate waiting for us.

ADAM.

Softly, Walter ; I'll but just step in, and leave the key of the casket upon her table. Here, here, bring the light. [*Feeling in the doublet pocket, he, with astonishment, pulls out a purse, and Walter turning the illuminated part of the lanthorn, shews the doublet in full view.*] A purse, full too ! Ha ! I'm petrified. Then there was a man in the room. "A spirit indeed !" Yes, you have raised a spirit here ! [*knocking at his breast.*] Oh ! woman, woman—hush, they're coming out. Revenge---revenge. [*Walter turns the lanthorn ; Isabel steals out of the door, speaking to Phillip, who pops his head out.*]

ISABEL.

You must not come this way yet.

PHILLIP.

CAERNARVON CASTLE.

PHILLIP.

What shall I do? Shall I jump the window?

ISABEL.

I wish you would with all my heart. [*Adam over hears the last sentence, and repeats to himself.*]

ADAM.

"I wish you would with all my heart." Have I caught you, infamous, ungrateful, in one word, wife? But I'll teach your paramour.---Villain come out, if you have spirit to dare, have spirit to act. What, he's a coward too! You should have known, Madam, that he who hasn't courage to be honest, hasn't courage to defend his villany. Follow me, Walter. Stay there, Madam. [*They go into the chamber.*]

ISABEL.

If he is but as good as his word, and has just courage enough to run into one danger, in order to run out of another, I shall be satisfied.

Enter RESA, with Lights.

RESA.

Oh lud! Oh dear! Oh!---ma'am---ma'am---ma'am, if maister Phillip ben't joomp'd out of window! It moost a'been his ghost! Mayhap your husband has kill'd un, and his very apposition is so frightened, that it has roon away!

ISABEL.

Then he's safe. Stand back.

Re-enter ADAM and WALTER.

ADAM.

Where have you hid him, Madam? I'm not now to be trifled with.---Who was it you spoke to at the door?

ISABEL.

CAERNARVON CASTLE,

ISABEL,

Spoke to at the door!!

ADAM,

Aye at that door. I heard enough to know you was not alone,

ISABEL,

Oh! at that door, Why didn't you hear her? It—it—
was Refa.

ADAM,

Refa; well what did she say?—Now I shall detect
her. *[Aside.]*

ISABEL,

She, that is, she ask'd me, whether the Queen was brought to bed.

ADAM, *(Aside.)*

"Is the Queen brought to bed?"

"I wish you would with all my heart." Mean artifice;
woman—woman—speak the truth, if truth be in you.
What was the question?

ISABEL.

It was either that, or—or——.

ADAM.

Or—or—what?

ISABEL.

Or—or, whether I dreamt of good news, as she had put henbane under my pillow.

ADAM.

She has put thorns under mine. *(Aside.)*

"Did you dream of good news?"

"I wish you would with all my heart."

Isabel, Jezebel; it was no Refa. What could she do here? It was some man. Shame, shame, upon you!

CAERNARVON CASTLE.

ISABEL.

Well then, if it was to a man.

ADAM.

Now the truth comes.

ISABEL. (*Aside.*)

I'll quit him for his jealousy, tho' to be sure there are
some appearances of reason for't.

ADAM.

Well, Madam, (*stamps*) his question?

ISABEL.

He said, " Shall I ——— ?"

ADAM. (*Aside.*)

" Shall I ——— ?"

" I wish you would with all my heart."

Oh ! it fits as close as my own horns. Come, Walter.
I shall leave you to your own conscience, Madam, and my
only revenge for your ill usage, shall be never to deserve
it.

A I R,

Man takes woman as his bane,
Putting prudence out of joint ;
Ever diff'ring like a vane,
Her's the feather, his the point.
When you're silent, they are loud,
When you're sullen, they are kind ;
Woman, like a thunder cloud,
Ever runs against the wind.

Plump against your will they fouse,
When you smile they're sure to pout ;
Like a Dutchman's weather-house,
One is in, when t'other's out.
When you're silent, &c.

Never

CAERNARVON CASTLE.

73

Never on her judgment dwell,
 If you'd drink from reason's cup;
 Like two buckets at a well,
 Her's is down when your's is up.
 When you're silent, &c.
 [*Exeunt Walter and Adam.*]

ISABEL.

If ever I do a wicked thing again, even in joke, may I be punished in earnest. I had better have told him, but he wou'd not have believ'd me. Oh! dear, it was Jane that led me into this folly, and she must help me out. I'll go to her immediately, for good husbands are so scarce, it were pity to lose one, tho' mine, I fear, is irrecoverably gone. Bless me, I'm quite wretched! A tear too—a tear is but light comfort to a hope so sunk as mine.

Down the cheek, nipt by slight's early frost,

The tears that so gently decline,

May revive the rich bloom it had lost,

But, alas! they can never cheer mine.

The dew to the new-blossom'd flower,

May scent and may beauty impart;

But useless and vain is the show'r,

That falls on a love-canker'd heart.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Wood.

Enter EDMUND and JANE, in a Male Habit.

EDMUND.

To whom am I indebted for my life?

JANE.

To a younger brother—heir only to a soldier's fame—
 one who has not too much valour—but when he saw a
 brave-man in danger, wou'd have died to save him.

E

EDMUND.

EDMUND.

Have you no name ?

JANE.

You'll pardon me. —

EDMUND.

Is then your family so low and base they shame you ?

JANE.

Just now you call'd me brave—a brave man cannot be of a bad family—his own actions ennoble it. —

EDMUND.

Whate'er your reasons be for concealment, it were too curious to ask further—but so high I rate your service, that in some future period ask what my power can grant, and—so help me heav'n, be it short of baseness, you shall command me.—I am the general Edmund de Mortimer.

JANE.

You'll keep your word. —

EDMUND.

None but yourself dare doubt it.

JANE.

As a token give me your rapier.

EDMUND.

Here take it.—What name do you bear in the camp ?

JANE.

Reginald. (*A confused noise.*)

EDMUND.

Hark!—the enemy seem rallying—after the battle—
(*going.*)

CAERNARVON CASTLE.

JANE.

Edmund, my ———,

EDMUND. (*Returning.*)

You'll find me west of Orewyn. If you have stomach
for another course follow me.

A I R.---Mr. DAVIES.

When the trumpet sounds alarms,
And its clangor calls to arms,
In the noise, and the rout, and the rattle;
Then valour bids—advance—
But in sprightlier sounds,
When it leads up the dance,
How my heart rebounds,
The evening after the battle.

When the pipe, shrill and neat,
And the drum loud and deep,
Bid the many twinkling feet,
From the petticoat peep,
How my heart rebounds,
As the trumpet sounds,
The evening after the battle. [Exit Edmund.

JANE.

I had near betray'd myself.—Oh! my Edmund—my
loved Mortimer—'twas desperation nerv'd my arm, and
now, like the poor wretch that shot his only arrow, the
quiver of my valour is quite empty. I've only pray'rs and
anxious wishes now.—West of Orewyn—who may these
be, I must seem at least to wear a kernel like this martial
shell.—'Tis Isabel's husband, as I live, and his friend
Walter!—The times make soldiers of us all.—

E 2

Enter

CAERNARVON CASTLE.

Enter ADAM and WALTER.

ADAM.

Which way lies the camp ?

JANE.

It's a flying camp, it neither stands nor lies. —

ADAM,

I'm afraid you do both.

JANE.

What, Sir ! *(Blustering.)*

ADAM.

And what, Sir ! *(Half drawing, and then sheathing his sword.)* Pshaw, to quarrel with a puppet, when one may die bravely.—Go and use your sword better.

WALTER.

But, Sir, where may we meet the soldiery ?

JANE.

They are ev'n now preparing for engagement. Lord Edmund's banner, which is just in sight, will be a better guide than me.

ADAM.

Hark !—Le Brun then will be too late.

JANE.

Le Brun ! What is he on the way ?

WALTER.

He is, and, as we hear, to trip the General's heels, and take the chief command.

JANE.

JANE.

What Edmund's heels—Edmund de Mortimer's!—

WALTER.

He overtook us on the road alone and unattended—and, in the wood that skirts the river Wye, kept to the right, while we moved onward.

JANE.

Is he to house the sheaf my Edmund reaps!—Come on, Gentlemen—young as I seem, I've seen some service, let me lead you.

ADAM.

I'd rather be a bear for a man to lead me.—Seek your own fortune, puppy, singly—this shall be our road, it points to the same centre. [*Exit Adam and Walter.*]

JANE.

Go which road you please.—Those who fight bravely for Royalty and English rights, can never go a wrong one. Heaven protect my love—But should he fly me because I'm too kind?—that thought distracts me.

A I R.

How oft, where cooling zephyrs play,
On Loddon's fertile side,
I with my love have pass'd the day,
He ask'd me for his bride.
Oh! the tongue, the babb'ling tongue, that did my
heart betray,
He press'd, I blush'd, he wept, I sigh'd,
And look'd my heart away.
But men our easy love disdain,
And real blessings miss,
No longer pleas'd but while we feign
To check the offer'd kiss.
Oh! the pang, the chilling pang—when slighted
maids complain,
Shou'd Edmund spurn his Jane and bliss,
'Twou'd rend my heart in twain. [*Exit.*]

CAERNARVON CASTLE.

SCENE III.—ANOTHER PART OF THE WOOD.

Enter JANE.

JANE.

I've surely mis'd the path—the noise seems dying.
[Retiring.]

Enter PHILLIP LE BRUN.

PHILLIP.

Reputation requires more to repair than to build.—If a man cou'd say 'tis done when 'tis got—why Fame wou'd rank me hero.---I have bluster'd myself into repute, and shou'd fight to maintain it---but how to shun the danger, and yet keep the name, would poze a better politician.

JANE.

He's but a glass-trick, one bounce and out.---I'll e'en attack him.

PHILLIP.

If I dar'd give myself a wound now, tho' it were but a scratch---I cou'd then pretend to have lost my way---met a straggling party---oppos'd 'em singly---bar'd my red-right arm, fought and subdu'd 'em.

JANE.

Turn, villain. —

PHILLIP.

Oh, mercy! mercy!---which way?---

JANE.

Upon whose party fight you?

PHILLIP.

PHILLIP.

Upon none---There was danger in both, and I came this way to avoid it.

JANE,

I'm of Llewellyn's. ———

PHILLIP.

Llewellyn is a Gentleman and a Prince.

JANE.

And what is Edward?

PHILLIP.

He---he's only King of England.

JANE. (*Aside.*)

But in that ONLY the world shall envy him---Stand, coward!

PHILLIP.

I am a coward, and can't stand---but I wou'dn't be thought so. If you're merciful you'll spare, and not shame me. I have built up a reputation of cards, and one puff of your breath can blow it down.

JANE.

What ransom can you offer?---

PHILLIP.

What you please.

JANE.

Now, Sir, mark me---shou'd it ere chance, and chance it may, that I be seen in Edward's presence; keep your own counsel, and I'll not betray it, so you remember never to thwart the hopes of *Reginald*; mark me, *Reginald*. Give me your dagger, 'twas the King's gift, I take it by

its richness.---Take up your sword again, and, if you do not blush to wear it, dare to use it nobly. [Exit.

PHILLIP.

It's my opinion, cou'd I have bluster'd a little, this cream-cheek'd Garagantua wou'd have shut up all his hundred mouths, which he let loose upon me at once.---What excuse to make the King I know not.---Well, I'm safe, however, and invention must do the rest.---Would I were well out of my terrors.---I must be a soldier, truly, and a brave one.---How much happier was I among the village girls? [Exit.

SCENE IV.---NEAR CONWAY ABBEY.

Enter EDWARD and Suite.---Warlike Preparations.

EDWARD.

William of Coventry, we've news to warm us!---Edmund has conquer'd, and the fierce Llewellyn, the pillar and the pride of Wales, is fall'n!---Spread it thro' the ranks, for, tho' our soldiers want no spur, it may inspire them.---Charge with full assurance---affail the strength of Snowden---and, ere we reach its base---Edmund, and his victorious troops, will join us.---Lead on. [Excunt.

SCENE V.—Near Caernarvon Castle.

Enter RESA.

RESA.

Oh deeree me! Maister is gone to war; Lady Jane is gone we don't know where; Mrs. Isabel is, I teake it, gone mad; and my Cuddy is gone to market, and not com'd back.—Rare times for poor girls.

AIR.

AIR.—RESA.

Ah, woe is me,
Should Cuddy be
So vast unkind and fickle grown !
But he's a bonny blade,
And he loves his own dear maid,
And wunna leave her here to sigh alone.

His chubby cheek
Is smooth and sleek,
And his lips so round and ruddy grow,
And he kisses me so sweet,
Whene'er we chance to meet,
That I'd kiss him too again, but that shame says no,

Then prithee, dear,
Haste quickly here,
Nor be unkind and fickle grown ;
Far away thou'd Cuddy hie,
And leave me here to sigh,
To wring his guilty heart, I'd break my own.

Enter ISABEL.

ISABEL.

I shall break my heart, Refa.

RESA.

I wunna advoise any foch thing.—Lud a' me, people
talks now a breaking hearts like crockery, as if they cou'd
be mended with white of egg.

ISABEL.

I'll to court, Refa.—Will you go with me?—I may
find my Adam somewhere in the camp.—I have the
queen's leave.

F

RESA.

RESA.

To court!—A mighty figure I shou'd cut at court.—
Why, I dare say, that all the folk there be as tall as may-
poles, aye, and as foine, too.—I'd goa wi' you any where.

ISABEL.

Follow me, girl.

RESA.

I mon but toy up my new green petticoat, and a pair of
cotton hozen, for we mun look foine, you know, at court,
and troodge a'ter you in a twinkling. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—*Snowdon at a Distance—the English Stand-
ard flying upon the Forts—Soldiers, &c.*

Enter EDWARD, EDMUND, PHILLIP, WALTER, ADAM,
and JANE, in Female Attire.

EDWARD.

Welcome, my conqueror; your country owes you
much; your king, too.

EDMUND.

There's not a soldier but has his share of honour; but
here you owe the victory—to his single arm—Adam de
Franchton slew Llewellyn.

EDWARD.

'Twas a right noble act, and shall ennoble him who
atchiev'd it.—Rewards and titles shall await him.

ADAM,

ADAM.

To serve my country is reward enough—my paternal right is independent competence—and for titles, though they be stars that light up virtue's heav'n, yet I forbear 'em; for my domestic misery seeks darkness and obscurity as comforts.

[During this speech, Edmund crosses the stage to Jane.]

EDMUND.

In the battle, too, when Refa ap Griffiths' sturdy arm had brought me down; a stripling, who, from appearance, seemed fitted to the toilet rather than the camp, with more than human force fell'd him to earth.—Wou'd he were here, my Liege.

EDWARD.

Search for, and reward him.—You are in the king's smiles, Mortimer.

EDMUND.

The king's smiles, like a March sun, cheer, but not warm.

EDWARD.

What more?

EDMUND.

You bade me tax your bounty to the height.—Oh! pardon, royal Sir, if my ambitious hopes wou'd lift themselves to link with majesty—the Lady Jane.

EDWARD.

Don't mar the fortune you have rais'd—ny word is past—a king's word cannot be recalled—else—but no matter—Phillip, she's your's.

F 2

PHILLIP.

PHILLIP.

Your majesty binds me much—Lady——

JANE. (*Aside to Phillip.*)

Mark me---remember Reginald,---here is your dagger, the king's gift, my witness---speak, and I speak; be mute, and I am dumb.---Phillip le Brun, my royal liege, for reasons just now pass'd between us, if unoffending, he may give up a royal present, resigns me.

EDWARD.

He has my leave and thanks.---Here, then, Edmund, I may now—

JANE.

Hold, my liege---I have a letter here from a young warrior---you know him well, Mortimer.---He states, that in the battle you promised, bound by a solemn oath, excluding nothing, to grant him whatsoe'er he ask'd, if it were short of baseness.---He demands my hand from you.

EDMUND.

Then I am lost.

EDWARD.

Who is this bold one?

JANE.

His name is Reginald.

PHILLIP. (*To Edmund.*)

What has he been with you, too?

JANE.

There is your ring, Edmund.---Has this dress so effaced the form of Reginald, that you know me not?

EDMUND.

EDMUND.

My love, and my preserver.

PHILLIP.

Baffled, by a woman, too!

JANE.

Pardon, king and cousin, that I fought your battles unsolicited.

EDWARD.

Here, Edmund, receive her---her heart was your's before.

Enter ISABEL and RESA.

JANE.

And, Adam, take your wife, your innocent wife---at further leisure every doubt shall vanish.

ADAM.

Innocent!! hah---innocent---this is worth all my trophies.

EDWARD.

And now---who's this?

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER.

So, please you, Sir---the queen---

EDWARD.

Shorten your story.---Is the queen safe?

MESSENGER.

CAERNARVON CASTLE.

MESSENGER.

Happily so.

EDWARD.

What has she given us?---A son?

MESSENGER.

A son, my liege.

EDWARD.

Let him be styled the PRINCE OF WALES.---A Welshman born shall rule the Welsh, till no distinction in this whole island shall mar its general happiness, till English, Welsh, and Scots shall meet as brothers.

Enter MERLIN.

Now, Merlin, if your art can reach as high, and with prophetic glance you view posterity, shew us of England's future glory---shew these Welshmen here some of the noble acts their future princes shall achieve.

A PROCESSION.

MERLIN.

That were to speak of spirit in war, and acts of peace so vast and crowded, Old Time himself would gasp at the rehearsal---but I see the STAR of one now blazing in the east, whose praise shall rise superior on Fame's highest wing.---The name he'll bear posterity must furnish.

[A part of the scene drops, and discovers a blazing star, in the middle of which is 12th of August.]

'Twill be a prince, whose suavity of manners wave o'er his fellow-subjects like his own graceful plumes---but by language, to set off his virtues, wou'd be to gild a sunbeam.

CAERNARVON CASTLE.

FINALE.

FULL CHORUS.

Wave the trophy'd chaplet high,
Pour the rich libation round,
Dance, and song, and minstrelsy,
Mirth, and every jocund sound,
HAIL THE 12th OF AUGUST.

SEMI CHORUS.

Jest that drives dull care away,
Wit beguiling leisure,
Gild th' auspicious natal day,
With ev'ry social pleasure.

SOLO.

If to foster the ARTS in the smiles of a court,
And of SCIENCE at once be the pride and support;
From MERIT's bright rays chase obscurity's cloud,
And strengthen the bosom by MISERY bow'd;
If these be the blessings A PRINCE shall impart,
Let joy mantle brisk, and dilate ev'ry heart.

FULL CHORUS.

Wave the trophy'd chaplet high,
Pour the rich libation round,
Dance, and song, and minstrelsy,
Mirth, and every jocund sound,
HAIL THE 12th OF AUGUST.

FINIS.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY

FINAL

Final Chapter

For the purpose of the present
the following is the list of the
names of the persons who have
been elected to the office of
the members of the church of the
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